

What If

by KrisCatherine

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Summary: Journal Entry.. Lee POV

What If

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"What if"

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Notes: Lee's POV

Spoilers: Umm not sure really..

Summary: During a case, Lee let's the one who can help the most slip away, will he get her back?

Authors Notes: I tried to keep the characters on track, but I like to be different *s*. Archive anywhere, just let me know where it's going.

Rating: This part PG, but I can't say anything about the next parts because they aren't written yet. But ratings will be posted with each part.

Feedback is GREATLY appreciated!

I am not sure exactly what got me into actually keeping a journal of sorts, but it I'd say it was during the second year that I started working with Amanda King. It's funny, when I say that name, even now, a thousand recollections flow into my head.

She always used to tell me 'You know Lee, if you won't talk to me, then maybe it would help to get your thoughts down on paper.' I guess

I heard it enough times to actually start to do that. I mean besides Billy, there wasn't really anyone else to tell my thoughts or feelings to, sad, as it is to say.

So as I sit here in the hospital bed, one of the many we might say, I am forced to remember and to write. This is the only place where I can write down what I really feel; I don't have to hide behind the mask of Scarecrow the invincible, the person who doesn't need anyone, a loner, someone who always gets the job done.

I have grown to dislike that person. I guess that means I have grown to dislike myself, in many ways I guess that is right. Who in his or her right mind wants to be alone, who doesn't want anyone to love, to come home to at night, to share life with?

I did, for a long time, but for the life of me I can't figure out why. I was just going one day at a time, taking life moment by moment. Doing what had to be done.

Don't get me wrong; I have had many women, acquaintances, and flings. But none of them really cared about what was going on with the real me, only if I was free that night for whatever they had plans for.

I guess I am getting into a bit of history here, but what can I say, I am board out of my mind here. Can you believe it; no visitors have come to see me, well except for Billy and Francine. They came asked me what happened and told me to rest. So I have been resting here for two days now and the one person who I wanted to come here hasn't showed up.

I guess that makes me feel sad, depressed, and unsecure with relationship I thought we had. Which as of lately isn't much, I have done nothing but throw in her face how I don't need anyone, especially her. How she isn't a partner, that I don't need her. How wrong I was.

I suppose I should get this written down, while it is still fresh in my memory, like I am ever going to forget what was said between us. Ha I never will.

It all started last week; Billy called us into his office. Now I know this is my personal I journal, but what's official is official and I can't write the specifics down. I never know who might read this, ya know. Anyway.

Billy called Amanda and myself into his office last Tuesday morning. He was acting really strange for some reason, you know dancing around the subject and acting all suppositious. Billy has never in the time I have known him done that. Amanda and I looked at each other for a moment then each of us sat down in the chairs opposite Billy.

I said something along the lines of 'What's up Billy.' He just looked at me with the grim look on his face. I didn't know it was going to be that bad, although I should of.

"Mr. ***** is back in town Lee." Billy told me grimly. (I can't put the actual names rules are rules)

"What? When?"

"Yesterday, he was reported being seen coming in through Dulles."

"Great." I wasn't happy, I am still not happy.

"Who is Mr. ****?" Amanda asked innocently as she stole a glance at me then turned to Billy when I didn't even answer her.

Billy didn't answer her right away either, which bothered her a great deal. Please do not under estimate Amanda King, if she wants something she is going to go after it.

"Okay, since you guys didn't seem to hear me the first time, who is Mr. ****?"

I still didn't answer her, and this got her even more upset. I had been getting really good about talking to her more, discussing things more with her. I think this seemed like I was regressing to my old self. It wasn't like that at all.

"He was, or is a Russian fugitive that Lee had captured three years ago," Billy paused and motioned over to Amanda, "Just before he met you."

"And?"

"I am not allowed to tell you most of it, regulations. But it was a awful case, peopleâ€|wereâ€|killed," He looked over at me this time, I wasn't watching Billy, but I could feel his gaze on me. "That shouldn't have been."

"Oh." Amanda said as she looked over at me. I knew what she was thinking, wondering about. I really didn't want to talk about this, especially with her. I was not looking forward to the game of twenty questions we would engage in when we returned to the Q Bureau.

A bit later, we discussed what should happen in the retrieval of Mr. ****. It was uncomfortable for all three of us. You could say that you could cut the tension with a knife.

You know I never meant to betray Amanda like I did with this. There was always something about her that for some odd reason I trusted; that I felt a connection with, even in the beginning.

When Billy finally dismissed us, I waited till Francine leave and then Amanda got up, take a look at me, and a said something to the fact that I'd see her upstairs or something. She left with a nod, and that was the last time I saw her that day. And believe me she tried to find me.

When she left I turned to Billy, he already knew what I was going to ask, but let me speak anyway.

"I don't want her on this Billy."

"Lee, she is getting to be a great Agent, you need her."

"No I don't Billyâ€|"

"Listen, she is your partner, she is to help you on this."

"I can'tâ€!"

Billy came over to me at that point; he lay a hand on my shoulder, knowing that I wouldn't be getting strength from my usual source this time around. I know I was slowly falling apart, and the case hadn't even really started.

"You are going to have to do the best you can Scarecrow, we are all here to help."

"I know." I couldn't say anything else; there was nothing else that could be said so I left.

What I did next wasn't what anyone expected of me I guess. I left. I went out to my car and drove away and didn't look back. Its funny really, I mean there is an international killer out there, looking for me. And where do I go? A cemetery, with no cover, no protection for me. It doesn't matter though this is something I needed to do.

Not many people know what exactly happened all those years ago with this case, I am not even sure Billy does. It is still hard for me to deal with. Its like a part of me was ripped away, that there was nothing I could do to stop it. There wasn't in actuality, I was helpless. I wanted for it to be me and not her; a thousand times I have prayed that the roles were reversed. I still wonder why, even today why no one has ever given me that answer. Why?

So back to the story; I sat there must have been hours, at least it left like it to me. For some odd reason I had to tell her that he was back, that her murderer was back in town, that he was still alive. I felt awful, like it was something that could have been helped, but wasn't. I felt like that rookie cop sent to inform the parents of a young girl that she was dead and the murderer was still out there, somewhere. I cried that day, amongst the shade of the giant oak tree and the flowers. When was I ever going to get this right?

When the sun decided to set on the day, I looked over at her grave, at the flowers I had rested there for her, I smiled and told her I would get him once and for all. I wouldn't make the same mistake again this time.

After that I headed for home. I knew that Billy, Francine and most likely Amanda had left several messages on my machine already, wondering why I left, where I was, was I okay? Was I okay, now that was the million-dollar question? Deep down I knew I wasn't truly okay, but there was more to it, I just didn't know what it was. Cop it up to being male and not really knowing ones true self.

But does anyone know his or her one true self?

I can think of one person.

Work I knew was pointless at this point tonight. I was tired, I had to think of what to do, how to find Mr. ****, and do it without Amanda's help, and probably without the Agency's help for that matter. So I stopped off and picked up something to eat for dinner, although I wasn't hungry and a bottle of wine.

You know she got me into drinking it. Not Amanda, she doesn't have any idea of what a little hobby I have gotten myself into. When I picked up the bottle, I was instantly reminded of a time we used to go together, lightly holding hands and laughing, knowing full well what was to come that night, and probably the next as well. That memory still brings a smile to my face, even after all these years.

As I walked through my door my suspicions were correct, the light was blinking defiantly on my answering machine. I know I let out a long sigh and thrugged into my kitchen on the search for a wineglass. After I put the food into the oven and poured my second glass I went over to the machine and hit play.

The first was from Francine, telling me that I was needed at work. The second was Francine again asking where I was. The third was from Billy telling me to come in then asking if I was okay. The last message was from Amanda.

"Lee" She said, "Where are you? Is everything alright?" She paused in only a way she could, "Well it seems like you aren't there or you are just ignoring this. Sorry to bother you." And she was gone. Bother me? How on each could she bother me? I know when we first met, she did bother me (I hate that word by the way, seems so childish) a little bit. I mean she was so, I can't explain it really, she was just herself, true to the bone. There were no secret with Amanda King, what you saw is what you got.

I slumped back into my sofa listening to her voice; for some reason it helps me relax, feel safe. I have no idea why, I have told her many times that there is nothing between us, that there never will be. Who am I trying to convince her or me? As I reflect on this question, I am stunned by the answers that I found. When I need comfort or just a friend she is always there.

I fell asleep there on the sofa that night and did I ever pay for it in the morning.

The next day for some reason I slept late. I never sleep late.

PART 2

It was around eleven when I got to the office and Billy caught me as soon as I walked through the door. He was not happy at all, and it definitely showed.

"Morning Billy." I said as I walked into his office.

"Is leaving mid day, in the middle of a case going to be a habit of yours Scarecrow?" He said to me, along with some other rather colorful words. I didn't know how to respond so I looked down at my shoes for some reason.

I think I remember telling Billy I was sorry about the way I acted, and him telling me that he wasn't the one I should be apologizing to. Well I didn't apologize to Amanda that day or any of the days after that. In fact I think I succeed in finally pushing her away, for good.

Hold on a second.

Okay I am back now. Sorry this is all getting to me, I am not sure how I am going to be able to hold all of this in. I am not doing a very good job of it at the moment.

Anyway the next few days were used for putting our plan into place. Francine and I worked together more in this time then we had ever worked together really. I saw the look on Amanda's face when Billy would assign Francine to work with me and not her. It was breaking her; I knew it. But I couldn't have her involved; I couldn't let anything happen to her, only if she knew that.

A few days into the case, Amanda didn't show up for work. I knew why, we hadn't used her for anything, even background checks. Billy had put up a huge fight about this, but I kept telling him I didn't need her involved, that Francine or even myself could do the legwork. So I think Amanda left it up to herself that she wasn't needed and didn't come into work. I missed her more than I wanted to admit.

For some reason I wanted to go over to her house, and knock on her kitchen window and explain everything, but I knew I couldn't. Maybe I'll get my chance to explain everything to her.

Well I got my chance the next day. I went into Billy's office when I got in and he told me that Amanda was upstairs doing some research on the case. We were getting further behind, and I knew it.

I decided to play it safe and not say anything when I entered the Q Bureau, and let her do all the work.

Amanda didn't even look up when I came in and sat down at my desk. This puzzled me a bit, since she was always so chipper in the morning, even when she was upset about something. I looked around the room carefully; I guess I was trying to see if anything was different.

My eyes settled on the person hovering over what looked like paperwork. That's what was different.

"Ah morning Amanda." I said to her. She didn't even look at me when she responded with a lame 'morning'.

I asked her what she was working on, and all I got was the **** case. Do you how guilty I felt right about now, I never wanted to do this to her. I asked her if there was anything I could do to help.

"No, some people still think I can do my job." She said to me. That stung and I got mad. I know I shouldn't of, but I did nonetheless.

"I never said anything likeâ€|" I had begun to say before she cut me off. She was always good at that.

"You didn't have to." She told me, finally looking at me. "I spoke to Billy Lee. He said you didn't need me."

I wanted to explain why, she needed to know, even if I wasn't ready to share that particular bit of history.

"There is nothing to explain, I think I get the picture here. Don't worry I won't be under foot to much longer and then you can get back to the more important things in life." She told me as she got up and walked towards the door.

Where on earth was she going? I needed to talk to her. We needed to talk.

"Billy needs these reports, excuse me." Then she was gone.

I was left standing there in the middle of our office alone. Again.

I remember calling her that night; she had gone home after half a day that day. I had to explain to her what was going on.

She had actually asked why I called her at home, and gave me this argument about not being able to call here anymore. I told her I wouldn't but she had to hear me out. Amanda put up quite a fight; she didn't want to even talk to me, not that I could blame her. Needless to say my temper started to rise. I really tried not to let it, she just wouldn't let me explain everything.

"Amanda if you let me finish what I have to say.." I said to her trying to get through to her.

"Why should it matter to me what you have to say, I am just another house wife turned spy." She huffed.

I tried to tell her that she meant more to me, and mind you this isn't the way I wanted to tell her believe me, but she didn't want to know.

"I mean as much to you as the next pretty face you see on the street."

Ouch that hurt.

"But you know what Lee, I am not sure why you keep me around anyway, it's not like you need me for anything."

She actually hung up on me. What she said I have to admit hurt a lot, but with the way I have been acting for the last few days, I can't blame her. I sat there for a bit, when I finally decided to try and put this behind me. I did say try. I would try to go on with the case as if nothing happened. Immerse myself into my work, again.

Over the next two days we got our lead, and found our target. We were to move in on them the next day. Billy, Francine had set everything up. I was to go in, since I was already in contact with the necessary people.

Amanda true to her word, stayed out of my way. I was disturbed about this; I didn't want her to stay away from me. I wanted to be close to her, needed to I guess. I did notice that she looked worse for the wear, dark circles under her eyes and everything. She must not of been sleeping, just like me.

Well Billy decided to have her work the surveillance van. Which was okay, at least she would be out of danger, lord knows Mr. **** would

stop at nothing, he would kill her if he knew that we were close. I couldn't have that; I need Amanda too much in my life. She is my savior, my one tie to life itself. If I had to get right down to the facts, you could say that I love her. Not that I would ever say that to her, that she would want me to say that to her. I can tell that she doesn't now.

Can you blame me for wanting to keep her safe? I mean this man once hunted me, wanted to kill me. For six months we were in search of him, tailing every move his assistants made, hoping to get closer. All the while, he knew how to get to me, how to make me weak, to break me. I was involved in a relationship at the time; I thought she was the one. You know marriage and everything. I kept it all a secret from the agency; I am really not sure how they didn't find out. I think it was because she traveled so much, as did I, that we were able to keep it such a secret. It was a Sunday morning when everything went downhill, I went out to get breakfast for a newspaper and us, it was the one-day that we both could stay home and relax, you know what I mean. I left that morning, and when I came back the place was a mess and she was gone.

We received a demand message two hours after that. Billy told me over and over that nothing would happen to her, that we would get her back alive and well. I wanted to believe him. That next day her body was found.

Hold on again.

Sorry about that journal, it's about an hour later now. I couldn't help it; I had to let go. Again I have no one in my life. I am not a man anymore; this isn't how someone is supposed to live his or her life. Should a person be allowed to live their life alone? I don't think so it's so unfair.

I have to switch on the television; this silence is driving me nuts.

Okay maybe mtv isn't what I want to watch, but then again I am not watching it, I just need some noise in the background, so music is the best kind of noise. To bad there isn't a classic station.

Okay after what happened all those years ago, I decided not to get involved with anyone. Logical excuse right? I felt so lost, I don't know bent I guess.

What's that song? I can't believe these lyrics, they are exactly what I am feeling.

Can you help me I'm bent
> I'm so scared that I'll never
 Get put back together

I do need help to get back together. I need all the help I can get. I need Amanda.

PART 3

Well here I sit, Billy just left. At least someone still cares enough to come visit me. He told me that everyone missed him back at the Agency, and that he was looking forward to my return. Joy. I am so happy, can't you tell?

Well after what happened, oh I never told you what happened? What landed me in this god-awful hospital, again?

Well when we went in to the ah ah place to capture Mr. ****. I went in as we planned, and caught side of my contact. We started to talk, but something went wrong. I am not really sure what happened next but all of a sudden everyone was shooting. I ducked for cover and returned fire at the enemy. The next thing I knew was an intense pain through my thigh. Man did that hurt. My advise; never ever get shot in the thigh.

Anyway after the initial pain settled in I passed out. I heard Francine calling for an ambulance and that was it, nothing after that. I awoke in the hospital emergency room, I could have sworn I heard Amanda's voice and smelled her perfume, but when I opened my eyes she was gone. Figures, but what could I expect. Did I really think that after everything that had happened she would be here at my side?

Well after that horrid realization, I was put back under and brought to the operating room. After that I don't remember anything till I woke up here.

Billy told me that they captured Mr. **** and his associates and they were doing time in federal prison. I am happy about that much, at least the man that murdered Sarah. You remember her journal, the person I told ya about before, the one who Mr. **** murdered.

Well I have to say, getting him, has put some closure to the whole topic. I feel refreshed, like a weight has been lifted. But I really don't feel all that good. I told you Billy was here before. He told me that Amanda hadn't been her usual self, she wasn't coming in as much anymore. Billy wants me to figure out why, that's funny actually, I already know why she's not. I tried to tell Billy that, but he kept telling me to do it. He even said that she broke down in his office, and said that she just didn't fit in, that what she wasn't cut out for this business. How wrong she was, its weird to say that someone has the talent to become a spy. I mean it's a good job, one that actually helps some good people. I know you hear a but coming in here somewhere. I don't know it's just that lately I have been craving something a bit simpler.

On his way out Billy said that I was going to have a guest later on. Okay a guest; I was thinking Amanda was going to come in to see me. But I really didn't think she would. And I was right Francine came by.

She stayed for over an hour, and spoke about meaningless stuff. I can't even remember what, it just went in one ear and right out the other. I know that was mean, but I am sorry really, I just was not in the mood for Francine and her 'stuff'.

I was so glad when she left; I thought I was going to scream. I don't mean to sound cold hearted or anything, but a person can only take so much, and really Francine is a good friend, but I really was not in the mood.

The nurse came by about an hour or so after that and dropped off my dinner, which mind you I picked at. I swear I am going to lose ten

pounds just staying here for a few days. Remind me to talk to Billy about the food; maybe he can do something about it. I have no clue how on earth they think it is appetizing.

I watched a bit more television and fell asleep.

What a nice life huh?

The next day was more of the same. Nothing new, nothing exciting, which brings me to right now, at this very moment, I am sitting here alone in my hospital room, writing in a journal of all things. I haven't had any visitors today; I didn't think I would really. So here I sit, alone.

Alone. Doesn't that word just give you the creeps?

I am channel flipping in between writing, now this is getting really scary. There is nothing on television and I have read the books that Billy brought for me, so I guess I am stuck writing.

You know I need to really do something with my life this is awful. A person can't be alone forever. Don't I have the ability to love someone? Or was I cursed not to?

It's not fair.

PART 4

Well here I am, one more day here can you believe it? My stay is almost over, I can't tell you how happy that its over. Then I get to thinking, what do I have to go home to? Nothing. Sometimes it makes this place seem like heaven.

What am I going to do?

* * * * *

I had to stop writing earlier I know I know. But I had to, this writing is like a truth serum, everything just comes out. I guess I needed to hear it, even if it is from my own words.

Billy came in this afternoon for about fifteen minutes; he said something about having to go out on a case or something with Francine. I am worried yes, he hasn't been out in the field in a very long time.

Soon dinner will be here, and then I get go to sleep and leave in the morning. I can't wait to get out of here. Even though I can't return to field duty for a while, but any work, keeping busy is better than this.

oo

This section takes off in Amanda's POV from the above section.

It was hard not seeing Lee after he got shot. God I was scared, even though everything he did the past week before that to me, it didn't matter to me. If he had died, I don't know what I'd do. This man means so much to me.

But he hurt my deeply.

I fought very hard not to go and see him. I knew he saw me when he arrived at the hospital, so I left.

I went home after that and decided to spend more time with my kids and mother. Billy understood when I told him I needed to have some time for them. I knew I had to keep busy, so I did half days at the Agency doing old paperwork and the other half at home with my family.

Although my mother let me know I wasn't the company. I would snip at everyone and my patience was nil. I made it through those first few days, well, I think, considering the situation.

I couldn't take it anymore though. Billy had said he was going to be fine, and would return to work in a few days. I knew that meant no field duty, but it was still good that he was returning. There was a chance he might not of made it at all.

I couldn't take the gloating and things Francine would say when she came back in from the hospital with Lee. She has made me feel awful more times then I care to count about everything. She has always tried to discredit the things I do around here, like a person outside the 'Agency' can't do what she does. In my mind I have proved her wrong, and plus I know that Billy at least is on my side.

So I finally went to the hospital. Billy said he was going to be discharged the next day, and I figured that something had and needed to be changed. So I picked up my purse and keys and out the door I went.

The first thing I noticed when I walked into his room was the coldness of it. I don't mean temperature wise, but the atmosphere. It was like no one cared about this man. I cared, I still do. I felt tears warming my eyes at this knowledge; I was petty over the last week.

He is sleeping when I come in, television blaring some sort of music. I am sure he just had it on for background noise, its to quiet in here.

The nurse must have brought in his dinner after he fell asleep. I look under the tops; I am not sure how he survived at all eating that food.

I notice a notebook that looks a bit worse then wear and a pen resting gently next to his hand. He's been writing, I remember telling him that it would be good to get it out of his system. That's the day we had a mild argument about him not talking to me, and keeping things bottled up for so long.

He actually listened to me.

I gently reach over and remove the notebook and pen from where they lay, trying not to disturb him; I know he needs his rest, even though he would never admit it to anyone. I set the notebook down on the nightstand next to his bed and sit down in the chair next to him. There is so much left unsaid, I know we need to desperately need to talk to each other.

As I sit here channel flipping with the television on mute I look around and find a few books that Billy must of brought in for Lee to read. Nothing to interesting for me, and for him, he must have been really board if he read them all. I turn around and my eyes settle on his journal. I know I shouldn't read it, I really shouldn't. Lee's private thoughts and emotions are kept inside of these black covers. I ran my hand over the cover and down the spine, trying to decide mostly if I should read, well just parts.

He had book marked where he had begun his hospital stay. I wonder why he did that, I mean one usually bookmarks where they left off.

I started to read it, I couldn't help myself, I so desperately needed to talk to him, talk with him, and I gave in. I know that may sound like I am just making excuses or something, and maybe I am.

I am about in on the third page and I am nearly in tears. I never knew any of this. I had no idea he felt this way about me, about anything. Oh god what have I done? I want to stop reading, but something keeps telling me to read further. It's like a voice in my head telling me go on, read more. Taunting me.

I know I shouldn't be doing this.

But I read further on.

Oh god that's what he didn't want me on this case? But why couldn't he tell me? I am going through the worst emotional guilt right now, I have no idea what to do. I am already crying at this point. How could someone go through what he did and want to work with someone like me, now I know why he was so adamant about me not working with him, on any case.

Slowly as I read on, I am beginning to understand the man called Lee Stetson.

I get to the place in his writing where I just stop and look at what he had written, and I have to reread it. He said he loves me, Lee Stetson, Mr. I don't anyone. Ha I am speechless, but I am smiling at this point. Through everything our feelings have never changed.

I read further on, taking quick glances over at Lee. I guess part of me wanted to know he was still asleep, so that he wouldn't catch me reading his thoughts. I would of much rather us sit down and actually talk about everything together, but I get the feeling that this way is much better, I know everything. Not that I wouldn't of known if he told me, but at least this goes for me, I get more down, more thoughts, when I write. I can understand more. Maybe that's why I am reading on and not stopping like my conscious is telling me too.

I finally reach the faithful day that ended him in this hospital room once again. I know what Billy told me that happened to him. But I wanted the details; I wanted to know what happened for real, not from some report.

I hold the book to my chest for a moment and close my eyes; out of everything I have read in this book today, this is going to be the hardest. I lean forward and squeeze my eyes shut, unknowingly I reach out and rest my hand on top of his, and I need contact. His touch,

it's the only way to get through this next part.

As I read what he wrote about what happened during the sting operation, I am shocked. I wish I were there to watch his back, and not just from the safety of the communications van either. I did not understand why he didn't want me out there in the field with him before. I do now.

Am I that important to him? I hope I am, because I love this man.

Still resting my hand on his I lean back into the chair and close my eyes. Mistake number one, I am so tired, I fell right to sleep.

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PART 5

I woke up to something holding my left hand down to the bed. I wasn't sure what it was so I tried to shake it off, but it didn't work. I opened my eyes slowly and looked off to my left. There was a form sitting in the chair next to the bed. I strained to see who it was. It dawned on me it was Amanda. A small smile crossed my face; I wanted to get her attention.

I tried to sit up a bit, which mind you didn't work to well. So I took to whispering her name as best I could.

She didn't move. She must have been really tired, I can tell, dark circles are visible on her face. My smile turns to a frown. I should of known what this whole situation would do to her.

I quickly take in her posture, and notice my book resting on her chest, open. I gasp in surprise that she read what I had written. I am not sure what to feel that she read it, should I feel happy, sad, mad? I am not sure.

I know that we need to talk, lord knows I tried to do just that, but things always got in the way. So maybe that fact that she did read my journal is a good thing. I take a closer look at her and I can see that she had been crying. I have to wake her up; we have to fix things between us.

As I interlace my fingers with hers, I gently call out her name again.

"Amanda?"

She stirs in her chair for a moment and opens her eyes slowly and smiled at me. It warms my heart that she feels like she can.

"Your awake." She said and replaced my book to the nightstand and stood up. She never tried to take her hand back from me, which I am grateful for. As she stood and leaned over my she brushed away some hair that had fallen into my eyes during my sleep.

I love this woman.

"Yeah." I tell her, like it's not obvious that I am awake.

"How are you feeling?"

"Better." I turned to look up at her now, "Why are you here?" I had to ask.

She didn't answer me right away; I knew she was looking for the right words. Things are still strained between us.

"You hurt me Lee." She finally said. I already knew I did that, now its time to say what should have been said a long time ago.

"I know Amanda, and I am very sorry. There are some things that should have been said a long time ago that weren't."

She smiled and closed her eyes, "I know I read." She finished as she motioned to the journal.

"I am sorry I didn't tell you, that you had to find everything out this way."

"I understand Lee." She said as she slowly sat down next to me on the bed.

I began to tell her of Sarah and about what happened between us and how she was killed, and especially what happened afterwards. By the time I was finished we were both in tears and holding on to each other like we were each other's saviors.

Amanda reached down and traced my cheek with her finger and leaned her forehead against mine. I have never felt such a feeling of love for a woman as I have for her. "I missed you." I told her.

"I missed you too." She responded.

We didn't say anything for a few minutes, until she broke the silence. "I love you too."

She leaned in and kissed me.

And that is when we knew everything was going to be all right.

The Endâ€|

Feedback is welcomed! I am not sure about a sequel.. let me know what you think.

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